

GOLD  
KEY

TOP CAT

CE  
HANNA-BARBERA

12c

10004-801  
JANUARY

# TOP CAT







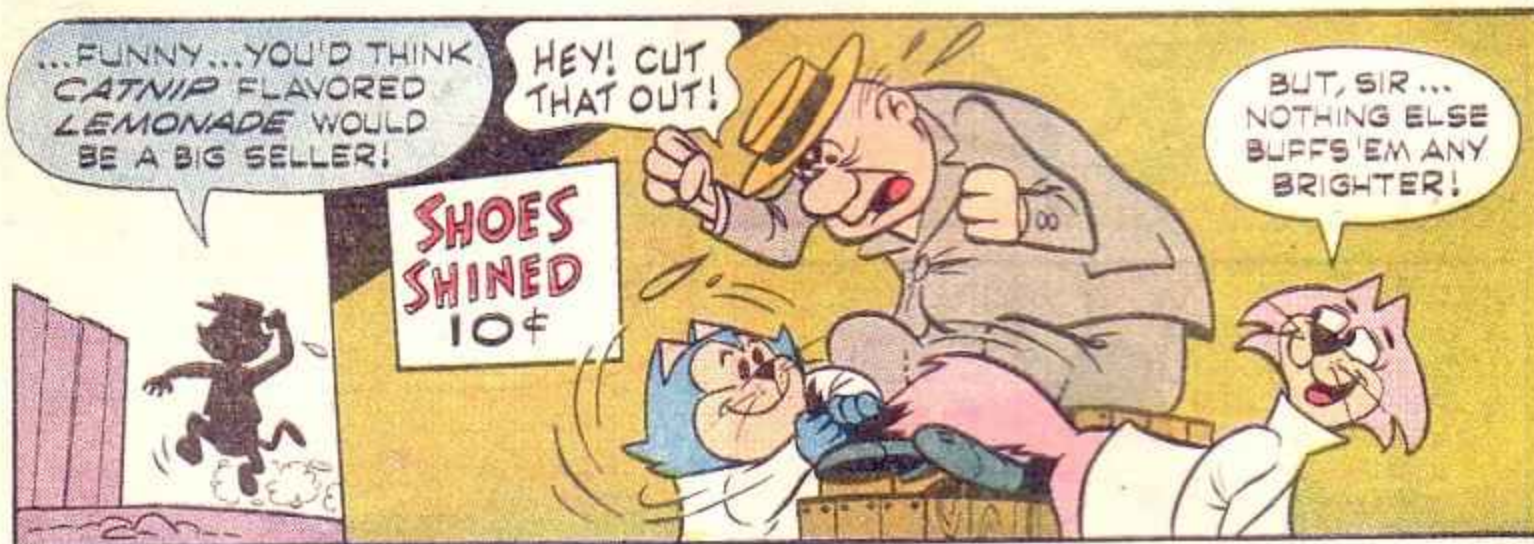
POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York.  
TOP CAT, No. 17, January, 1966. Published quarterly by K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York. Second-class postage paid at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscription price in the U.S.A. 45c per year; foreign subscriptions 75c per year; Canadian subscriptions 60c per year. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Designed, produced and printed in the U.S.A. by Western Printing and Lithographing Company. Copyright © 1965, by Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

TRADE MARK OF SCREEN GEMS, INC. Western Printing and Lithographing Company, Authorized User.  
© 1965, Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.









AND SO, THE CATS FIND THEY ALL HAVE MET WITH SIMILAR MISFORTUNE...

WE'RE MISFITS!

YEH! WE'RE NOT QUALIFIED FOR ANY JOB, BY THE WORLD'S STANDARDS!

BUT DIBBLE WILL JAIL US IF WE REMAIN VAGRANTS!

WHAT'LL WE DO, T.C.?



I'LL HAVE TO RETREAT INTO PRIVACY IN ORDER TO THINK OUT *THIS* PREDICAMENT!



SHOO, YOU MICE... SHOO!



HEY... THAT'S IT!



IF THERE'S ONE THING WE'RE FIT FOR IT'S PROFESSIONAL *MOUSING*!

YOU MEAN, HIRE OURSELVES OUT TO MOUSED-UP HOUSES?

BRILLIANT!



AND SO...

EKK! I HAVE MICE IN MY CASTLE!

YOUR FRIGHT IS OUR DELIGHT, MA'AM!

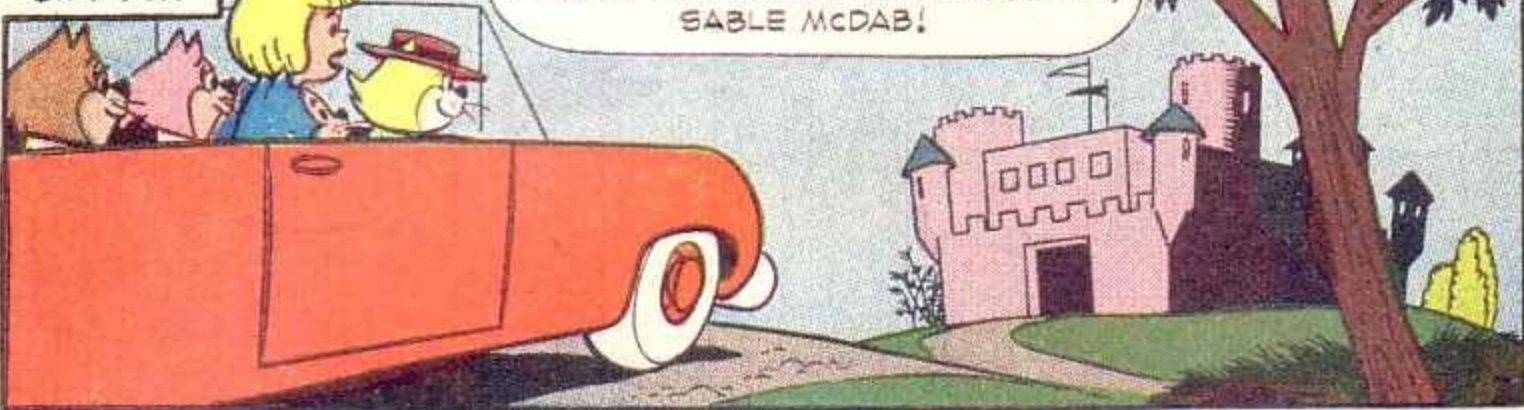
THESE MOUSERS FOR HIRE!  
GET THE SQUEAKS OUT OF YOUR JOINT.





AND IN A  
SWIFT  
JIFFY...

THERE IT IS... McDAB CASTLE!  
IT WAS THE HOME OF THE LATE ARTIST,  
SABLE McDAB!



IT WAS SUCH A  
BARGAIN... THEN CAME  
THE MICE...

UNFURROW  
YOUR BROW,  
MA'AM... WE'LL  
SOON  
SCATTER  
THE PESTS!



SHOO,  
MICE!

MEEYOW,  
YOU ALL!

SCAT!



YOU  
CATS ARE  
SUPER!

WE  
KNOW  
IT!

ER... A FAMOUS  
PAINTER'S CASTLE  
WITH NO PAINTINGS  
IN IT?



WELL, HIS PAINTINGS ARE  
EACH WORTH A FORTUNE  
TODAY... I COULDN'T AFFORD  
EVEN ONE! BUT I COULD  
AFFORD THIS BARREN OLD  
CASTLE! I'LL FIX IT  
UP IN TIME!



OH, MY! IT'S *SUNDOWN*!  
WILL YOU STAY OVERNIGHT?  
THEN I'LL DRIVE YOU HOME  
TOMORROW!

YES,  
MA'AM!

YAY! WE NEVER  
SLEPT IN A  
CASTLE BEFORE!

HEH! DIG THE  
PERSONALIZED  
TRASH CAN!





**B**UT LATE THAT NIGHT...













HE PAINTED A BIG MURAL  
LIKE THIS IN EVERY ROOM  
TO MAKE HIS CASTLE LOOK  
BIGGER AND BETTER!

BUT HE FINALLY COVERED  
THEM OVER 'CAUSE HIS  
GUESTS KEPT WALKING  
INTO 'EM... THEY WERE  
SO REALISTIC!

OW! IT'S EASY  
TO FORGET AND  
DO THAT!

Bomp!

AND  
AFTER  
THE  
CROOK  
IS  
JAILED...

I'M OPENING MY CASTLE  
AS A MUSEUM... AND I WANT  
TO HIRE YOU CATS AS  
**SAFETY GUARDS!**

SAFETY  
GUARDS?

YES! IT'LL BE YOUR  
JOB SIMPLY TO KEEP  
CUSTOMERS FROM  
WALKING INTO THE  
PAINTINGS!

AND SO...

THIS JOB  
IS AS EASY  
AS LEANING  
ON A WALL!

IMAGINE... HEH... NOW  
WE'RE GETTING PAID TO  
DO WHAT COMES  
NATURALLY TO US!

IF OFFICER DIBBLE  
COULD ONLY SEE  
US NOW!

End



















DOCTOR SAYS HE'LL  
BE RIGHT WITH YOU,  
GENTLEMEN!

SWELL!

AND LATER,  
BACK HOME...

STAY HERE, FELLAS,  
I'LL BREAK THE NEWS  
TO THE EDITOR EASY-LIKE!

DAILY  
PRESS  
ENTER

YES, WHAT DO  
YOU WANT?

I'M TOP CAT, BOSS,  
REMEMBER?

OH, NOW I REMEMBER... I  
THINK! IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME!

WELL, WE GOT THE  
STORY YOU WANTED!

WHAT  
STORY?

THE ONE ABOUT  
DR. SELTZER!

OH, THAT!  
WELL...

HOLD IT, BOSS, BEFORE  
YOU SAY ANY MORE! OKAY,  
FELLAS, COME ON IN!







I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD HAVE LOOKED UP THAT DR. SELTZER IN THE FIRST PLACE!

EASY, FELLAS!

AFTER ALL, YOU'LL HAVE TO ADMIT WE DID HAVE FUN!

BEING CHASED BY LIONS! STARVING! YOU CALL THAT FUN? GRRRR!

WAIT A MINUTE!

THAT WAS ALL JUST TO GET MONEY FOR OUR CLUB PARTY, WASN'T IT?

SO?

WELL, COME ON, I'LL SHOW YOU THE TRIP WASN'T ALL IN VAIN!

AND SO...

HOORAY FOR TOP CAT!

CHEERS!

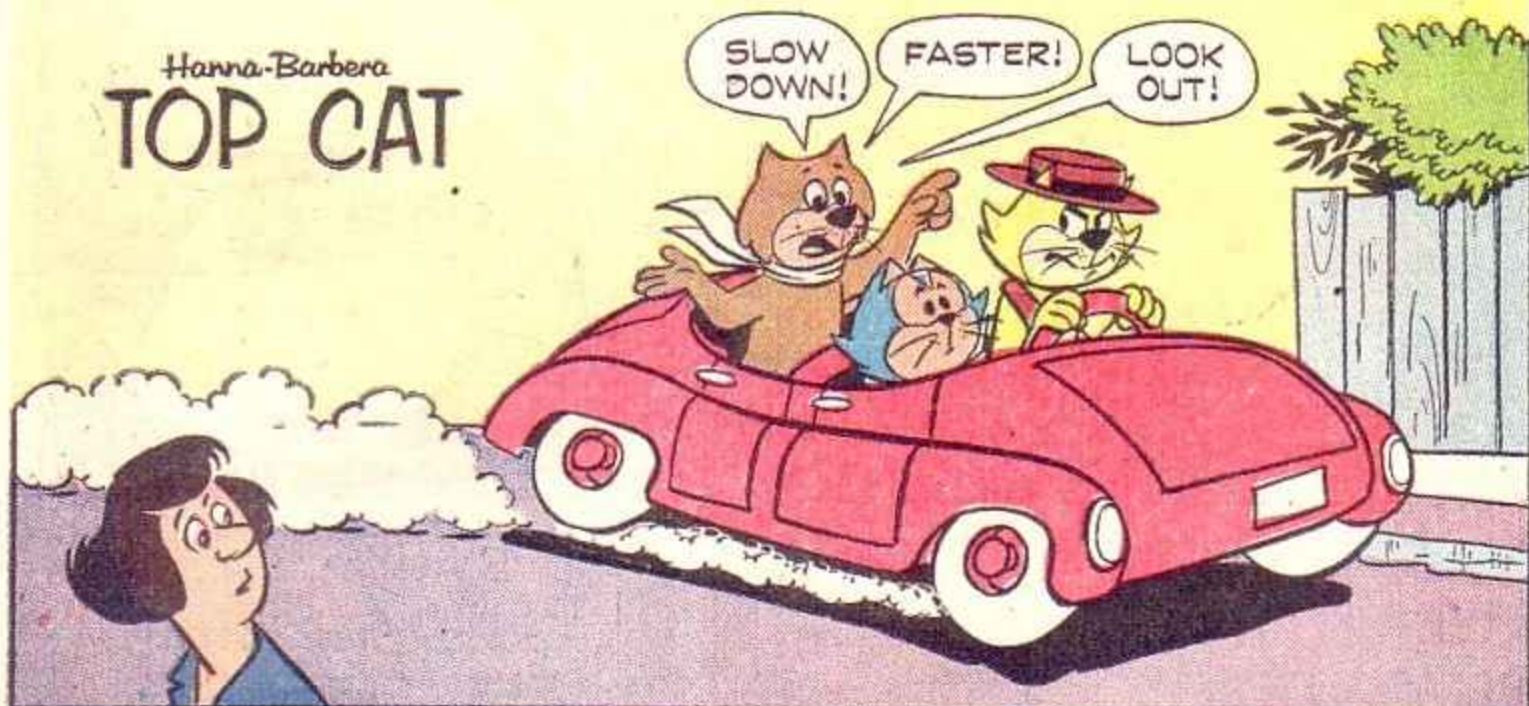
WE'LL HAVE OUR PARTY MONEY IN NO TIME!

YEA!

End



Hanna-Barbera  
**TOP CAT**







"Let's get some excitement started around here," giggled Dixie. "I feel like having a ball. Got any ideas as to how we can stir up some fun?"

"Sure," laughed Pixie. "All we have to do is find Mr. Jinks and stir him up. Then we are sure to have excitement!"

The little mice were delighted to see Mr. Jinks snoozing by the open fire . . . a perfect target for fun!

"Pull on his whiskers," suggested Pixie. "That ought to stir him up!"

"Yeah," agreed Dixie. "Won't be long before we see some excitement around here."

Sneaking up to Mr. Jinks, Pixie jerked the cat's whiskers on one side, as Dixie pulled them on the other side.

"YEOW!" screeched Mr. Jinks, leaping to his feet before the little mice could let go. "Who pulled my whiskers?"

And as Mr. Jinks jerked his head from left to right looking for the culprits, he sent the mice flying through the air, to land in the center of the room.

"You!" he yelled. "I hate you meeces to pieces. Get out of here and leave me alone. I want to sleep!"

"Aw, Jinksy," said Pixie. "All we want is a little excitement. Come on, join in the fun. Be a good sport."

"No," snarled Mr. Jinks, curling up by the fire once more. "But if they come near me again, I'll . . . uh . . . like give them a little fun and excitement!" he grinned to himself, as a dandy idea struck him.

Pretending to sleep, Mr. Jinks watched the mice through not-quite-closed eyes. Be-

fore long, Pixie and Dixie came tiptoeing up to him. Just as they were about to tweak his whiskers again, Jinksy reached out and quickly pulled Pixie's tail.

"Yip!" cried Pixie. Then turning to Dixie he demanded, "What's the big idea, pulling my tail like that?"

"What do you mean?" asked Dixie. "I did not pull your tail!"

"You did so!" accused Pixie angrily, and he leaned over and gave Dixie's tail a hard yank!

"Yeowch!" yelled Dixie, quickly grabbing one of Pixie's ears.

Before long, Pixie and Dixie were in a push-pull-punch tussle.

"Take that!" shouted Pixie, as he aimed for Dixie's chin with a small fist.

While Mr. Jinks shook with silent laughter, Pixie and Dixie fought furiously, until at last both were out of breath.

"Ho, ho! Ha, ha!" roared Mr. Jinks, as the mice stumbled back to their mousehole and threw themselves on their beds. "That's been the most fun I've had in a long time," Mr. Jinks howled.

"Huh?" said Pixie and Dixie, looking at each other.

Then, Dixie exclaimed, "It was Mr. Jinks who started this whole thing!"

"HE pulled my tail!" cried Pixie.

"Exciting, wasn't it?" Jinksy taunted from the other room.

"It was too exciting!" sighed Pixie to Dixie. "All we wanted to do was stir up Mr. Jinks and have a little fun."

"Yeah, but we got stirred up instead," a tired Dixie groaned, as he nursed a lump on his head, "and Jinksy had all the fun."





Hanna-Barbara  
MR. & MRS.  
J. EVIL SCIENTIST  
The GOLF  
BREAK

♪ J. EVIL, WHERE ARE YOU? ♪

I THINK HE'S IN  
THE BASEMENT,  
EXPERIMENTING,  
MUMSY!

BALOOEY!

EITHER THAT, OR ONE OF  
YOUR JARS OF PICKLED  
DYNAMITE BLEW UP!

IS THAT YOU,  
DAHLING?

YES!

LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE  
TO PATCH UP MY  
WORK BENCH AGAIN!

J. EVIL,  
MUST YOU  
SPEND THE  
WHOLE  
WEEKEND  
INSIDE?

I GUESS I *HAVE* BEEN  
OVERWORKING LATELY!

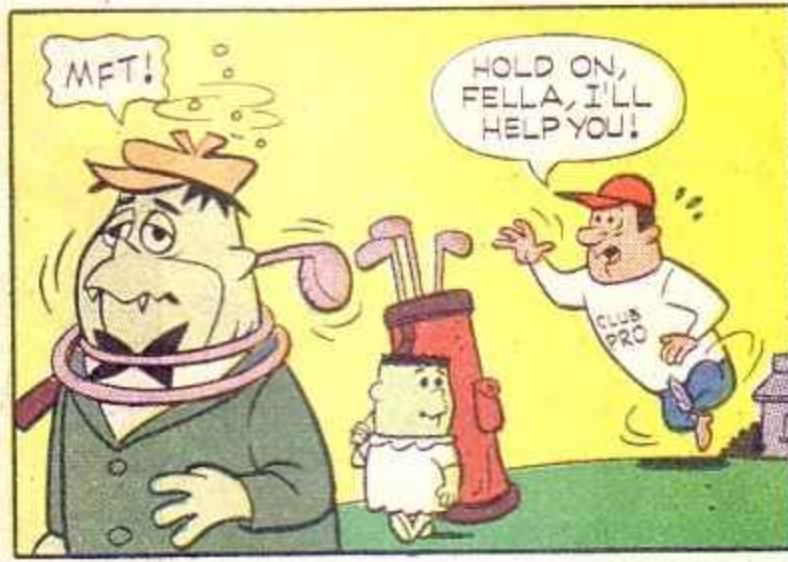
WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING  
ELSE FOR A CHANGE?

LIKE WHAT?

A LOT OF  
DADS PLAY  
GOLF ON  
WEEKENDS!

GOLF?  
HAM!

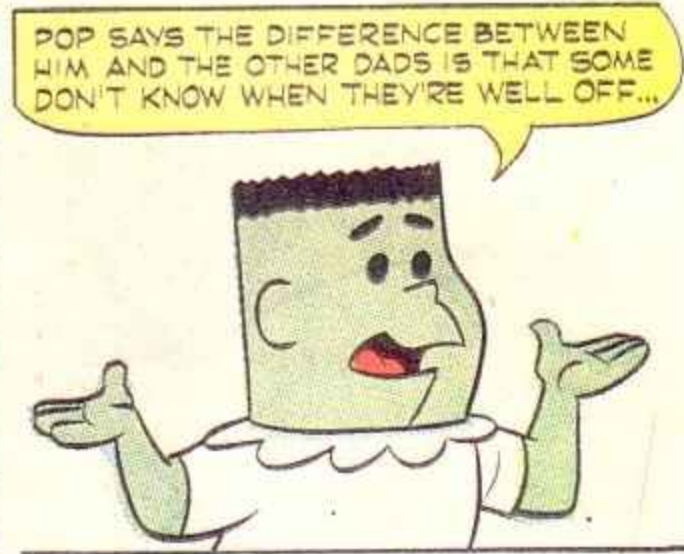














Hanna-Barbera  
**TOP CAT**

# TREASURE A LA CARTE









A TREASURE CHEST?



GOLLY, TOP CAT, YOU SURE LET THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG!

'YEAH!

SOME SECRET!



HOW WAS I TO KNOW WE WERE BEING SPIED ON?



WELL, LET'S GET OUT THERE AND JOIN THE SEARCH!

YEAH!

HOLD IT, FELLAS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



LET'S GO *THIS* WAY! WE'LL LEAD 'EM ON A WILD-GOOSE CHASE!

THEN SNEAK BACK AND GRAB THE TREASURE!

GOOD THINKING, T.C.!



COME ON, BOYS, IT'S DOWN THIS WAY!

HOLD IT, CLYDE! THERE GOES THE CAT THAT SAW THE TREASURE CHEST!

FOLLOW 'EM!

TREASURE CHEST?

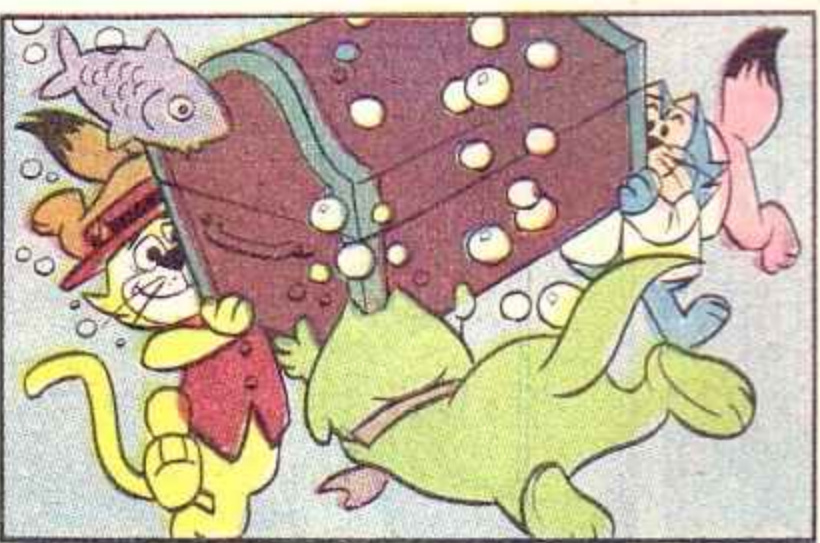
LET'S GO!











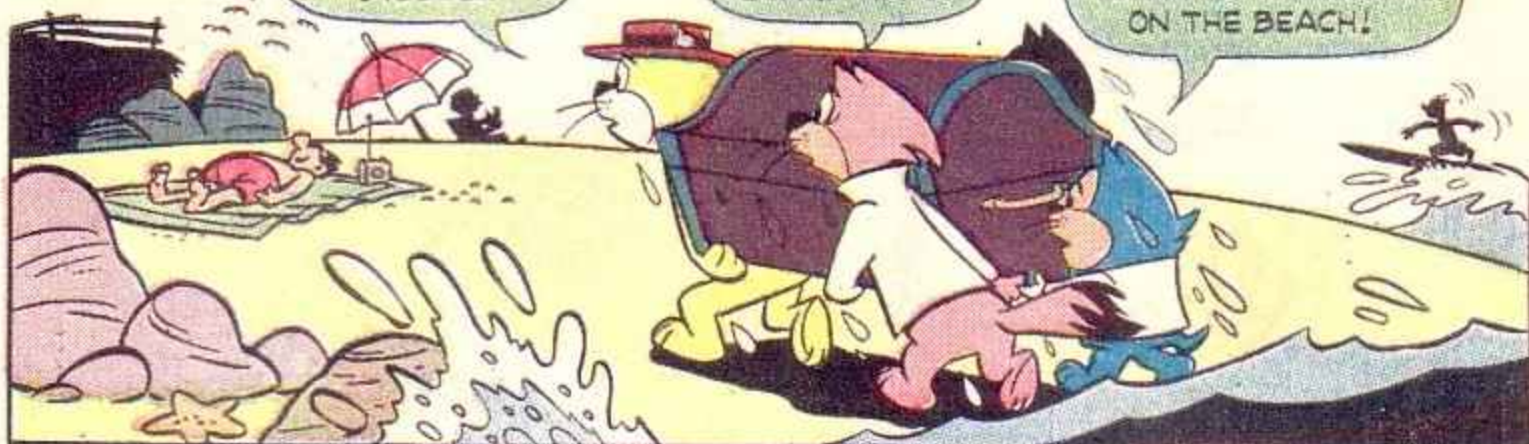


AND THEN...

HEY, WHERE'S  
DIBBLE?

GEE, SOME  
GUARD HE IS!

LOOK, EVERYTHING  
IS BACK TO NORMAL  
ON THE BEACH!



MY GOSH! QUICK,  
FELLAS, KICK SAND  
OVER THIS CHEST!

BOY, WE WALKED  
RIGHT OUT  
IN THE OPEN!

WHEW!



I GUESS NO ONE  
NOTICED US!

THANK  
GOODNESS!

NOW WHAT?



OH, OH! HERE COME THOSE TWO  
EAVESDROPPING SURFERS!

PREPARE  
TO DEFEND  
OUR LOOT,  
MEN!



THEY'LL TRY TO  
SURROUND US, BOYS!  
LOOK ALIVE!

TAKE  
THAT—

AND  
THAT!



HUH? THEY  
WALKED  
RIGHT BY!

TREASURE,  
PHOOEY!

WHAT A  
LAUGH!



BOY, ARE WE LUCKY!  
THEY DIDN'T SEE THE  
TREASURE CHEST!





LATER...

WHAT DO WE DO NOW, TOP CAT?

IT'S SUNDOWN! WE'LL MAKE OUR MOVE AFTER DARK!

EVERYONE IS LEAVING THE BEACH NOW!

OKAY, BOYS, HEAVE HO!

HEAVE

HO!

ALL SET, T.C.! TAKE OFF!

YEA, WE MADE IT!

BOY, I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GET BACK TO THE ALLEY AND COUNT OUR LOOT!

I GUESS DIBBLE GOT TIRED OF WAITING! OR MAYBE HE FIGURED WE WERE ON A WILD-GOOSE CHASE!

THEN...

HERE WE ARE — HOME SWEET HOME!

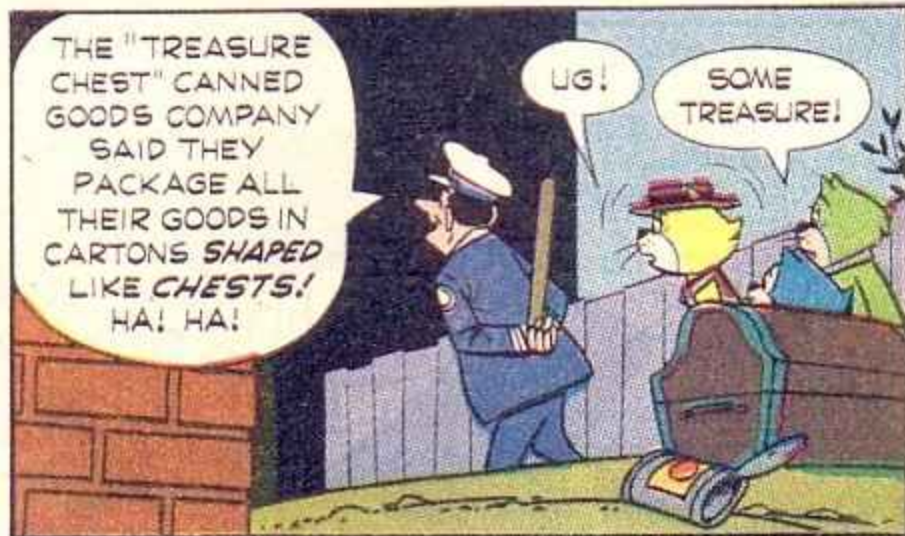
WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE TREASURE CHEST HUNTERS! YOU FINALLY CAME HOME, EH? GOT YOUR TREASURE, TOO, I SEE!

DIBBLE!

NO FAIR TRYING TO CUT YOURSELF IN *NOW*!

NOT AFTER LEAVING US OUT THERE ALONE!









BY THE WAY,  
NOBODY WANTED  
THEM SO I HAD  
THEM DROPPED  
OFF HERE!



DON'T SPEND IT ALL IN ONE  
PLACE, FELLAS! TREASURE  
CHEST! FORTUNE! HA, HA!



WAIT A MINUTE — TREASURE  
CHEST CAN GOODS COMPANY  
PACKS *FISH*!

FISH?



THAT'S IT, TOP CAT!  
SIX CHESTS OF  
CANNED SARDINES!

ONE CHEST  
FOR EACH  
OF US!

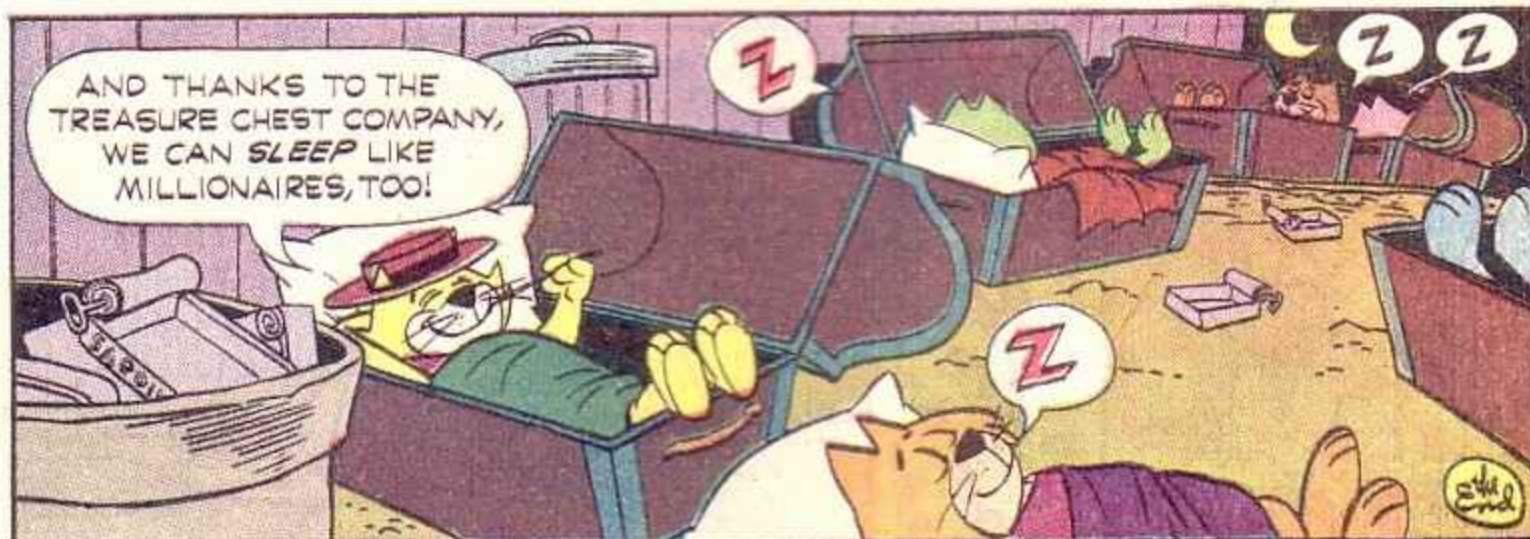


AND SO...

WELL, BOYS, I DON'T  
KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT  
I'M STUFFED!



YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, T.C.! WE MAY  
NOT BE RICH, BUT WE SURE ATE LIKE  
MILLIONAIRES!



AND THANKS TO THE  
TREASURE CHEST COMPANY,  
WE CAN *SLEEP* LIKE  
MILLIONAIRES, TOO!

Z

Z

Z

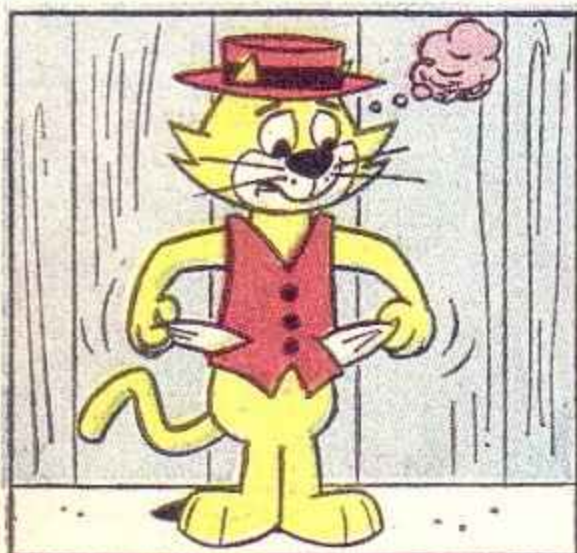
Z

STW



Hanna-Barbera

# TOP CAT





Hanna-Barbera  
**TOP CAT**

